

Windsor County Democrat.

Vol. XVII.

BRATTLEBORO, VT. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1853.

No. 28.

THE DEMOCRAT

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
GEO. W. NICHOLS.
Office No. 9 Granite Row, opposite the Stage House.

Terms of the New Volume, 1853-2.
To classes \$1.00 per volume in advance. 12-14 cents will be added if payment is delayed beyond the year. The same amount will be deducted when payments are made strictly in advance.
Clubs of not less than five, paid at once in advance, \$1.25. Single papers by mail \$1.50, in all cases to be paid in advance or satisfactory references given.
Village subscribers who have their papers left at their doors \$2.00 per annum, payable at the end of the year.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO.

(ADDRESS TO HER HUSBAND, BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.)

The sun sends down as warm a ray,
The stars as brightly beam,
All Nature is as fair to-day
As in our youthful dream:
Life's current glides as smoothly on,
As joyous in its flow;
As when I stood by thee a bride,
Just eighteen years ago.
Our hopes were then as fair and bright
As flow'rs of the Spring,
And our young spirits soared as light
As will birds on the wing:
The future wore no darkling cloud
To cast its shade of woe.
The day I stood thy merry bride
Just eighteen years ago.
Midst fortune's heavy gloom hath since
Of dimm'd thy sun awhile;
But soon affection chased the mist,
And left a warmer smile.
Life's cares its pleasures are to me—
Their joys I did not forego.
To be the merry bride
I was long time ago.
The loads of love that round us spring,
Grow hopelessly and fair,
And oh, 'tis sweet to give them all
A mother's love and care;
To teach thy young and guileless hearts
The truth and right to know;
When they shall stand as we once stood
Just eighteen years ago.

We have already copied Mrs. Stowe's beautiful reply to Dr. Wardlaw, accepting the invitation of the Anti-Slavery Society of Glasgow to visit Scotland. Below we copy Professor Stowe's letter on the same occasion.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER, U. S. A.,
December 19, 1852.

REV. RALPH WARDLAW, D. D.:

Rec. and Dear Sir:—I unite with Mrs. Stowe in the expression of thanks to you for your kind note of the 16th ult., and to the ladies and gentlemen of Glasgow for their very kind and gratifying invitation. One such incident, as that of which you have informed us, more than compensates for torments of abuse. Week after week, the leading religious newspaper in the United States, the *New York Observer*, has poured forth the vilest personal abuse of Mrs. Stowe; stigmatized her work as "anti-Christian;" endeavored to convey the impression that she is a most dangerous and unwomanly person, and done all in its power to foment a legal prosecution against her, as a libeller—and all for what? Simply and only because she has done something which is really effective in behalf of the slave. *Thou art the celestial power!* And if religious editors pursue such a course, what can be expected of politicians? The state of feeling in a large portion of the American Church, as revealed in this transaction, is far worse than I had anticipated, and will both astound and grieve good men on your side of the Atlantic.

I feel satisfied that a visit to Great Britain might be turned to good account in the cause of the oppressed blacks, just at the present crisis; and more than compensate for all the time and personal inconvenience and pecuniary expense it might occasion. We will, therefore, with pleasure accept the kind invitation extended to us; and, if God permit, will be in Glasgow early enough to make a visit there, and then attend the May anniversaries in London.

Your old friend, Dr. Woods, is in good active health, at the age of 89, and was exceedingly gratified with your letter to Mrs. Stowe.

May the good Lord hasten the day of deliverance for the oppressed and wronged! How much longer must we exclaim, in the sadness and despondency of our souls—"Lord, how long!"

Very truly, yours, C. E. STOWE.

"Uncle Tom" at Law.

Mrs. Stowe's famous novel, after a career without precedent in literature, has at last arrived where literature can show plenty of precedents—it has got before the Courts. It seems that Mr. F. W. Thomas, a bookseller of Philadelphia, has caused *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to be translated into German, and has issued it in that language. This Mrs. Stowe regards as a violation of her copyright, and she has accordingly commenced a suit in the U. S. Circuit Court of that city against the publisher. In her complaint she not only alleges that she is the author of the original work, but that she has caused a German translation of it to be prepared and published, with the sale of which, as well as with her essential property in the book, the translation of Mr. Thomas is in conflict. She accordingly asks for a perpetual injunction upon his publication. And, whether in order that the principle involved may be settled, or because she considers herself greatly wronged in this case, or with a view to prevent other translations which might be made, she has declined a proposal to compromise with Mr. Thomas, and insists on letting the law take its course. We are glad, for the sake of having the principle determined, that she has done so.

It is an interesting question that is raised in this suit, namely, Whether the property of an author in his book extends beyond the language in which it is written, or whether a version of it into another idiom forms a new and distinct property belonging solely to the translator by whom it is made. As for the absolute moral right, we see nothing in the nature of things to limit the ownership of the author. It is his work, and it ought to be for him to say on what terms others shall enjoy it, whatsoever time, place, or tongue. Such seems to be the essential right of the case,—which is legitimately subject only to such limitations and conditions as Society, acting for the general welfare, may see fit to establish. This right is recognized in the only copyright treaty with which we are acquainted between nations of different language. No French book can now be translated and published in England, nor can any French play be translated and performed on the English stage without the permission of the author; and Bulwer's last novel is published in England with a notice forbidding it to be printed in French, as the author designs to issue it at Paris in a version prepared immediately under his own supervision.

But while the author has a moral claim to such exclusive property in his book, it is far from certain that our legislation is such as Mrs. Stowe's complaint against Mr. Thomas would seem to suppose.

A point in the law, which would seem to be in favor of Mr. Thomas, is the established right of any one to take an author's work and re-write it, or to bridge it, putting the same ideas into other words.

This is a very considerable limitation of the absolute right of property, and not very easily to be construed to extend to translations. It is not possible to say that a translation is in the same words as the original, for not only is it in a different language, but the construction of the sentences and the very form of expression are often entirely changed. Certainly it is a less infringement of the author's right than an abridgement, for it is addressed to a public quite different from that for which the work was first written, while an abridgement may come into direct competition with the original. Moreover, the law already considers translations of foreign books as independent works, and grants copyrights for them accordingly. Whether the translation of an American book belongs to the same category, is now to be decided.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

REV. CHARLES BEECHER, of Newark, was some time since designated by the Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers to investigate and report upon the phenomena of our day, currently characterized as "Spiritualism," and sometimes as "Spirit Rappings." Mr. B. accordingly devoted many weeks to the requisite investigation, and has summed up his observations and reasonings thereon in a Report, which (by reason of the author's recent departure for Europe) was read in his behalf by his brother, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Williamsburgh, at a meeting of the Association on Wednesday in Rev. J. B. Grinnell's Church, Fourth-st. The report is too long to even for columns so ample as ours; but its reasoning is compact and forcible, and its conclusions so striking that we are glad to hear the Report will very soon be issued in a neat pamphlet by Putnam. Its main conclusions, so far as a hasty perusal has enabled us to apprehend them, are as follows:

1. The idea that these "Rappings," or whatever they may be called, are the product of mere jugglery, or intentional imposture, is not to be entertained by any one even imperfectly familiar with facts abundantly verified.

2. The hypothesis that these phenomena have their origin in some hitherto latent action of Electricity, Magnetism, or any other natural and physical force, creates many more difficulties than it overcomes, and is also inconsistent with some of the best attested facts.

3. In like manner, the idea that these phenomena are caused by some unconscious, involuntary mental action of some person or persons still in the body, is equally unphilosophical, equally at odds with the attested facts, and equally open to the objection that it magnifies the marvel it professes to explain. To say that a table which sustains itself on two legs, or one, or none, at the request of some person near it, and responds intelligently to a dozen various questions as they are asked is impelled so to act by Electricity, or Magnetism, or some mental impulse of an individual wholly unconscious of such influence, is to assume as true what is incredible, because contrary to the world's uniform experience and to all the known laws of causation.

4. The assumption that disembodied spirits cannot communicate with persons still in the flesh, is opposed to the whole tenor, not merely of Hebrew and Christian but of Pagan History. The possibility of such intercourse—may, the fact that it has occurred, has always been believed by the great mass of mankind. The assumption of the moral impossibility of communication between those we call the dead and individuals still in the body, is fatal to the existence of Christianity as a divinely originated faith, and cannot be entertained by any believers, however lax, in the justification of the Scriptures.

5. The phenomena known as Spiritual are really caused by the spirits of the departed, but not by the spirits of the blest. It is essentially one with the demoniac possession wherof the Gospel often speaks—that is, by the control and use of the bodily organs of living human beings by disembodied human spirits, incorrectly termed "devils" in our English version of the Scriptures.

6. The fact of the evil character of these modern spirits is demonstrated by their general denial of the Inspiration of the Bible, of the great fundamentals of Evangelical Christianity, their disinclination towards vital piety, &c., &c. We have in the Bible an infallible test of spiritual pretensions, and whatever contradicts any portion of that Book, or denies it the authority and obedience due to the revealed Word of God, is thereby proved false and diabolical.

—Such are the leading ideas of Mr. Beecher's Report, which is replete with curious and interesting illustrations of ancient and more recent phenomena akin to the modern Spiritualism, and supposed to cast light upon it, with glances at the lives and writings of neoplatonists and mystagogues through all ages. We cannot guess how many will acquiesce in Mr. Beecher's conclusions, but we think very many will be anxious to obtain and read his Report.

The Earliest of Flora's Gifts.

The gift of Flora to this month, in New England, is the TRAILING ARBUTUS, the first emblem of hope amid the storm and desolation, that smiled upon the Mayflower's crew, on the barren coast of Massachusetts Bay. Although the beautiful flower designated by this name has several others, we prefer this, as indicating something of its character and habits. But every lover of flowers will call it by the name endeared by the associations of childhood. It is known as the May-flower, Mountain Myrtle, and Ground Laurel, and to botanists as the *Epigaea Repens*. The stem is woody, trailing and hairy; leaves somewhat rough, thick, hairy, oval, or heart-shaped, and alternate on the stem. The flowers, growing in terminal clusters on very short peduncles, are of various shades, from a pure white to the deep yet delicate pink suffused over the inner surface of certain species of sea shells. The pink clusters are the most beautiful, & are generally found in shaded spots. The corolla is silver shaped, like that of the lilac, and sheathed with a double calyx.

The Trailing Arbutus, is abundant in the woods, on sunny slopes, but is often found in the open pastures. We have found it near the seaside as early as the middle of March, wet with drippings from a snow bank, but hereabouts it is not in blossom before the middle of April. The buds attain their full size about the first of October. The search for the earliest blossoms must be a careful one, for they are often hidden under a covering of twigs and dead leaves.

We have wondered why this beautiful plant is not cultivated. It will thrive well under the shelter of a garden fence or hedge. Plant its seeds by your current bushes and along the walks, and in two or three years you will have a bed of flowers whose modest loveliness and exquisite fragrance will please you more than the gaudiest array of exotics that ever waved in a garden.—*Fitchburg Revelle.*

JOHN G. SLAKE says—

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be proud and put on airs
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be haughty and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes,
And that all proud flesh whither it grows,
Is the subject of irritation."

HENRIETTA, THE BRIDE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

During the hottest weather of a summer long gone by, the dress-makers of London were in a pitiable state of worry and exhaustion. The Queen, wife of Charles II., had introduced a sort of Bloomer costume, which had all eyes; and of course all female hearts were set on having a suit like the Queen's. Her Majesty had appeared in the Park with a white-faced waistcoat or jacket, and a crimson, short petticoat and a little hat with a feather. After this, there was no rest for the dress-makers, till every lady had her short petticoat and jacket. The gentlemen professed themselves scandalized, not at the petticoat, but at the ladies buttoning their jackets to the throat, as men button their coats in cold weather. We hear something, also, of periwig under the hats; but this, which seems to us the only objectionable part of the dress, (and it was a part not worn by the Queen,) seems to have passed without challenge in those days of frizzled pates.—Amidst the pressure on the dress-makers, the brides claimed to be first served; and the claim was allowed; for it was clearly impossible for young ladies to be married till their wardrobes were prepared for the newest fashion. But it became more and more difficult to supply even the brides; for the apprentices, and even the dress-makers themselves, were dying very fast, some said with heat and fatigue, others with something worse. The fact was, the plague was in London, and spreading fast, though nobody in the fashionable world chose to own it. The physicians, seeing what would else, and believing alarm to be dangerous, denied the fact in general houses, though they swallowed a lump of spiced electuary when they arose in the morning, and went their rounds with lozenges in their mouths, and kept a flask of Canary wine handy to fortify themselves when exhausted. They let the world know of these precautions afterwards; but at the time, they seemed to deride all apprehensions, and helped to cry "Peace! peace!" when there was no peace.

Mrs. Henrietta Holmes was one of the intended brides of that summer, and for her were many needles plied, till an apprentice after another dropped from her stool, or failed to come to work in the morning. The gay girl knew nothing of this; for her lover kept from her knowledge all he could of the spread of the plague; and her parents kept it from themselves.—They were very happy; and they did not like to think of any disturbance. Charles Osborne, her lover, had scarcely any fear. He and his beloved were as healthy as people could well be; and everybody thought they carried long life in their faces. Unless by some accident from an over-adventurous spirit, they seemed as secure as youth, strength, energy, and health could make them.

The wedding-day arrived. There was a great dinner at two o'clock. All the relations who were in London were present; and the clergyman, and the family physician, and some intimate friends besides. Henrietta was, that day, a sight to make the most melancholy person cheerful. Her round, rosy face and dimpled chin, gave her the air of being younger than she really was; and she looked too childlike to be a bride. She was rallied and teased rather too much as a child, Charles thought, by some of her father's friends; but they had handled her as a babe, and had forgotten the lapse of years. Just before her mother and the other ladies left the table, Charles observed that Henrietta looked uncomfortable for a moment, and shivered slightly, as if from cold. He ordered the door which led down to the garden to be closed; and observed that a draught of air was more to be avoided on hot days, when it was pleasant, than on occasions when nobody liked it. Henrietta thanked him with a smile, and presently withdrew, followed by mother and aunts, all eager to dress her for the ceremony of the evening.

It was her mother who put the finishing hand to her dress, by fastening the embroidered jacket and arranging the lace ruff within it. While doing this the mother became suddenly silent, turning the girl round to face the light, unfastened a jewelled button or two, and then in a constrained voice, asked her daughter how she thought she would go through the ceremony, whether she felt strong and at ease.

"O yes," replied Henrietta, "I shall get through very well. Why not?"

"If you feel the least anxious, or faint, or weak, my dear, let me know, and you shall have a cordial which will strengthen your heart."

"Talk of cordials," said an aunt, "to a girl with a cheek like this!" patting it fondly. "She is fresh as a rose. She wants no cordials."

But Henrietta did not say so.

"Better give her a little cordial," said another aunt. "A girl may need it on such a day as this, who never did before and never may again. Beside, I saw her shiver before we left the table."

"Henrietta," said her mother, nervously fastening the buttons again, "are you well? Tell me."

"Yes, mother; that is, very nearly, indeed. Only just a little sick."

"Very naturally, I am sure," said everybody.

"We will ask Dr. Hodges about the cordial," said the mother who was going to call him, when Henrietta stopped her, laughing. She would not have a word to say to any doctor. She was well now, quite well; the little quail had passed, was quite gone.

Dr. Hodges came, however. He was told that Henrietta felt slightly unwell. In spite of himself he looked grave, till he had felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and so forth. Then with a really cheerful face—for he loved the girl as if she had been his daughter—he told her it was only a little nervousness, natural enough on such a day. She had not lost her appetite, he had observed at dinner; her pulse was steady, her complexion natural, her breathing easy, and she had no pain; he would venture to call her perfectly well, and in this she laughingly agreed.—Once more, her mother turned her towards the light, unfastened her dress, put aside the lace ruff, and watched the physician's countenance. He knew it; and he commanded his countenance well. The specks he saw were minute and few; but their character was not to be mistaken.

He wished himself a hundred miles off. He would fain have had those little marks on his own breast rather than go through what he saw must happen that night. But he would not leave the scene. He was called away to a case more advanced than hers; but he hastened back in time to witness the ceremony.—He saw her married; and his composure no doubt recovered the fear of the mother, for all was done cheerfully and merrily; and when the guests sat down to the evening banquet, no one but himself seemed to see that Death was of the company. As soon as the table was cleared, however, the ladies withdrew; for the bride could not conceal that she was oppressed with the headache. After that, all was gloom and terror. When the poor girl's frantic cries were heard from up stairs, the one low groan from the bridegroom sent everybody away. The young husband could not stay beside his bride; for she did not know him.—While he cooled her head, she cried out for him, with as agonized a cry that he could not bear it. From the door he actually heard the palpitation of her heart.

By midnight, mortification had set in on that fair breast where the small specks had caught the mother's eye. The first passengers in the early morning saw

the house shut up, and the red cross on the door, and no one was within but the old woman who made her harvest of tending the dead. She called from the window, and the dead east came. The old woman made a pitiful morning meal of the remains of the wedding feast; made a bundle of the rich dresses of the bride, holding that lace ruff to the light, with admiration, before she folded it up for her bundle; locked the door after her as she went out, and left the abode where there had been so much mirth the day before, and there nothing was now heard but the rustle of the mien, which came boldly forth to revel in the fragments of the good cheer.

The incidents of those days are immortalized by their being erected into a type of horrible and inevitable fate; and above all other incidents, that of the little purple stain on the breast. We read and talk of the plague spot so familiarly that we have almost lost sight of what it means. It would be well to reconsider it, and dwell upon it. If there is such a thing, for instance, as a State with an established view in it if we know such a thing as a democratic republic with a deep seated tyranny in the midst of it, and call that tyranny a plague spot, we had better ponder what that phrase truly means, and what it certainly forebodes. It is idle to take our eyes from it, because the thoughtless exile in the vigorous youth of that State, in its bloom of promise, in the opening before it of a new and blessed career. If the plague spot is there, the bloom and the promise will vanish like the dew and the delicate beauty of the desert flower when the simoon is on the way. Death and putrefaction are at hand.

And is there no escape? There have been instances of recovery from the plague; one case among ten thousand. But in that one case, the stain has been at once recognized as a plague spot, and instant and severe treatment. Whenever the sufferer has concealed and denied, wherever he has rushed forth into the street, declaring himself well, shouting forth his confidence, and mocking the pity and horror of the work that looked on; in every such case, perdition has overtaken him, and his self-will has been his ironical epitaph, engraved on the memories of all survivors.

Female Intrepidity.

It was in the year 1832, toward the close of November, a light snow mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little road-side inn, situated between Hornberg and Rottweil, on the frontier of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of the hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The inn-keeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Kretzel for such was her name, was a host in herself, house-keeper and maid to her mistress, cooked in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the aristocratic visitors in the best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active and good-humored German girl winned all due duties assiduously by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove, Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition, unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy veracity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout a troop of bandits, who held there every night their mysterious meetings.

All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned, offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company.

A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Kretzel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but this fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Kretzel only requested that the inn door should be kept open until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked toward the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Kretzel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; that object of fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought, she loosened the horse, leaped on the saddle and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather vase was attached to the saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened except in the presence of the Burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn-keeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighboring town, where they intended after the service, to accompany the Burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Kretzel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being in her situation; but this young servant maid having seen the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice, some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed when there came a knock on the outer door. It was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little while. Kretzel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him. Besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there was little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable,

and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners, inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying. The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length. At last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Kretzel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger followed her, and, turning around she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the stairs, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up against the wall. The man muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps groping his way. Kretzel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps, agile and noiselessly, closed and bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Kretzel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat, when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had looked in the cellar, nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On next refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was high deserting her; for she knew that they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Kretzel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms, where, expecting no resistance, they brought no weapons, and confounded at such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful imprecations, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror her heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and friend coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Kretzel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber, whom Kretzel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers, who had for some time terrorized over the country. His men wandering without a captain were quickly taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse and valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Kretzel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of a banditti, who had infested it for so long a time.

Contest with a Panther.

DESPERATE FIGHT.—The *Arkansas Shield* contains an account of a desperate fight between a man and two women on the one side, and a panther on the other. The fight took place on Beaver Bayou, Phillips county, Arkansas, on the 10th ultimo. The *Shield* says:—

On the 10th, Mr. Grimes had left his house during the deep snow that then lay on the ground, to procure some fire-wood in the adjoining forest—leaving in his house a sick child, his wife, and her mother. Attracted by the crying of the child, it is supposed, a large and fierce panther approached the door of the house. The initiative note of a child crying drew to the door Mrs. Grimes, most fortunately; for already was the nose of the fierce intruder thrust within the door. By an effort she succeeded in closing the door and shutting out the panther. An alarm was then given by the ladies, which drew to the house Mr. Grimes, supposing his child to be ill, and little dreaming by how fierce an enemy his cabin was besieged.

Judge then of his surprise upon seeing coldly seated upon the step of his door a huge panther. Mr. Grimes advanced and attempted to get possession of his gun, which Mrs. Grimes had, opening the back door, brought around to him; crouching, with tail switching, & eyes fiercely glaring, the panther watched every movement of Mr. Grimes. At the very moment that Mr. G. grasped his gun, and before he could use it, the panther made a spring at his throat. With great presence of mind, Mr. G. grasped the monster by the throat. The panther got the left arm of Mr. G. in his mouth, and the victory seemed to be with him. Every muscle of Mr. G. was now strained to the utmost, and a long struggle ensued; the panther was thrown; and by placing his knee on its neck and still retaining the grasp he had on its throat, Mr. G. succeeded in releasing from the jaws of the panther his left arm.—They rose again from the ground; Mr. G., never abandoning his vicelike hold of its throat, had now both of its forelegs grasped in his left hand; he thus kept it at arm's length and prevented it from tearing him with its claws. Victory was not yet with Mr. G., and he might still have met with a Waterloo defeat, had not the ladies, Blucher-like, come up with reinforcements. A pair of tongs and a "batting stick" were brought to bear upon the panther. One blow of the tongs sent down his throat several teeth; for so tight was the grasp of Mr. G. that the animal's jaws were wide open. The heroines in this fight, (Mrs. G. and her mother) continued belaboring the panther until a blow broke it down in the loins. Mr. G. kept his hold until the panther breathed his last, and firmly believes that he choked the panther to death, notwithstanding the aid given him by the ladies. When captured, it measured 8 1-2 feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. Its skin now hangs on the outer side of his cabin, a trophy of a hard and bloody fight.

DEATH OF A WHOLE FAMILY FROM GLANDERS.—A whole family, named Uncler, residing at Maugherow, near Linsell, have been swept away by the glanders. The father purchased a horse some time ago at a fair in Mayo, infected with this distemper; he soon afterwards took this disease from the beast, then his wife and four children took it, and they all died in great agony.—We have heard that two girls, living at a place called the Windy Gap, about two miles from this town, have also been lost by this dreadful disorder. If the magistrates have the power, they ought to direct all horses having the glanders to be instantly shot.—*Sigsbee's (Ireland) Champion.*

A Movement for Women.

A Convention of the people of Massachusetts, chosen expressly to revise and reform their State Constitution, will assemble in Boston a few weeks hence. A majority of its members are chosen as Reformers, by the coalition of parties otherwise professing the most antagonistic opinions. We shall soon see how much reform they can endure, and we hope for some decidedly Progressive action. But whether they are ready to come up to the standard of Principle embodied in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence there is great reason to doubt. And yet we are sure there is no resting-place from Political and Constitutional agitation short of that.

The Right of Woman to an equal voice in making and modifying the Laws by which she, in common with man, is controlled—her right to say at least whether she insists upon that Right in her own behalf, or is willing to waive it in behalf of her thus acknowledged lord and master—is emphatically asserted.—The Convention must affirm or rigidly deny it. The following Memorial and Petition are now in circulation in Massachusetts. We trust they may be numerous signed; we firmly hope their prayer may be, as it clearly ought to be, granted. At least let Woman say whether she claims or waives a right to a voice in making the Laws.—*N. Y. Trib.*

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION AND EQUAL POLITICAL RIGHTS.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In May next a Convention will assemble to revise the Constitution of the Commonwealth. At such a time it is the right and duty of every one to point out whatever he deems erroneous and imperfect in that instrument, and press its amendment upon public attention. We deem the extension to Woman of all civil rights to be a matter of vital importance to the welfare and progress of the State. On every principle of natural justice, as well as by the nature of our institutions, she is fully entitled as man to vote, and to be eligible to office. In Governments based on Force, it might be pretended with some plausibility, that Woman, being supposed physically weaker than Man, should be excluded from the State. But ours is a Government professedly resting on the consent of the governed. Woman surely is as competent to give her consent as Man.

Our Revolution claimed that taxation and representation should be co-extensive. While then, the property and labor of Woman are subject to taxation, she is entitled to a voice in fixing the amount of taxes, and the use of them when collected. While she is liable to be punished for crime, she is entitled to a voice in making the laws that regulate punishment. It would be a disgrace to our Schools and civil institutions for any one to argue that a Massachusetts woman, who has enjoyed the full advantage of all their culture, is not as competent to form an opinion on civil matters as the illiterate foreigner, landed but a few years before upon our shores—unable to read or write—by no means fitted by early prejudices, and little acquainted with our institutions.—Yet such men are allowed to vote.

Woman, as wife, mother, daughter, and owner of property, has important rights to be protected. The whole history of legislation, so unequal between the sexes, shows that she cannot safely trust these to the other sex.—Neither her rights as mother, wife, daughter, or laborer, have ever received full legislative protection. Besides, our institutions are not based upon the idea of one class or sect receiving protection from another, but upon the well recognized rule that each class or sect is entitled to such civil rights as will enable it to protect itself.

The exercise of civil rights is one of the best means of education. Interest in great questions, and the discussion of them under momentous responsibility, call forth all the faculties, and nerve them to their fullest strength.

The grant of these rights, on the part of society, would quickly lead to the employment by women of a share in the higher grades of professional enjoyment. Indeed, without these, men's book study is often but a waste of time. The learning for which no use is found or anticipated, is too frequently forgotten almost as soon as acquired.

The influence of such a share on the moral condition of society, is still more important. Crowded now into few employments, women starve each other by close competition; and too often vice borrows overwhelming power of temptation from poverty. Open to woman a great variety of employments, and her wages in each will rise; the energy and enterprise of the more highly endowed will find full scope of honest effort, and the fruitful life of our cities will be stopped at the fountain-head.

We hint, very briefly at these matters. A circular like this will not allow room for more.

Some may think it too soon to expect any action from the Convention. Many facts lead us to think that public opinion is more advanced on this question than is generally supposed. Besides, there can be no time so proper to call public attention to a radical change in our civil policy as now, when the whole frame work of our Government is to be subjected to examination and discussion. It is never too early to begin the discussion of any desired change. To urge our claim on the Convention, is to bring the question before the proper tribunal, and secure, at the same time, the immediate attention of the general public.

Massachusetts, though she has led the way in most other reforms, has in this fallen behind her rivals, consenting to learn, as to the protection of the property of married women, of many younger States. Let us redeem for her the old pre-eminence, and urge her to set a noble example in this, the most important of all civil reforms. To this end, we ask you to join with us in the accompanying petition to the Constitutional Convention.

Abby H. Foster, Abby H. Price,
Harriet K. Hunt, Lucy Stone,